THE

LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JULY, 1816.

MRS. MARDYN

IS the daughter of a respectable provincial manager, named Eldred: she came from Dublin; and made her first appearance at Drury-lane theatre in the character of Amelia Wildenheim, on the 27th September, 1815. She has a prepossessing person, is about the middle size, has beautiful features, and a graceful action. She was received with applause, and pronounced a promising actress; but her dress caused some fastidious critic to exclaim—" Hide, Oh! hide those breasts of snow."

Mrs. Mardyn has since appeared in several characters, with various success; Albina Mandeville, in the Will, on the 18th October, was equal to her first performance; but, though these characters are prominently placed, yet, having no strong traits, nor leading features in them, they can never bring an actress's abilities to the test, except one of a secondary, or inferior kind. The Widow Cheerly, in the Soldier's Daughter, and Peggy, in the Country Girl, she performed with spirit, but discovered some slight defects in her enunciation, and an extravagance of manner, which, with all her qualifications, will require study and practice to correct. In a shorter character, in the same line, Miss Hoyden, in the Trip to Scarborough, she was evidently improved, and is certainly an acquisition to the

theatre. Mrs. Jordan was so eminent in these sportive characters, that, since she has left the stage, a lively, if not an equal, representative was wanted to supply her place;—in this respect, Mrs. Mardyn is fortunate; and, with her personal attractions, and a little application, will doubtless become a public favourite.

This is a brief account of her theatric career in town. Of her private life, we know nothing, but from report; and it unfortunately happens that the public are but too apt to take up prejudices on report alone, without being able to judge whether they be well or ill founded. Indeed we think that the public have nothing to do with the private lives of public performers, or others. If they are equal to what they undertake, it is sufficient. To condemn them, or at least to express disapprobation, without a hearing, as is frequently done, is surely not justifiable. There is an impartial, awful, and final tribunal, before which the prince as well as the peasant must appear; and for those sins, committed in the body, which are not, and cannot be rendered amenable to any earthly tribunal, the "meddling world" has not, nor ought not to have, any thing to do, since they must be answered, and atoned for, before another, and a higher tribunal; before whom there is no disguise, who searcheth the heart, and knoweth its secret workings. And the mere chance of being wrong in their decisions, ought to determine them not to inflict unnecessary pain, and perhaps undeserved punishment; to say nothing of the injustice of it; since they are not invested with such power and authority; and commit a crime when they assume such a right, and sit in judgement upon each other.

This lady, it is said, a certain peer of the realm, in a moment of inebriety and inconsiderateness, introduced to his table, which occasioned a quarrel that ended in a separation of the parties; but her compliance with his request in this instance, and appearance at his table, are no proofs of any thing culpable, but the contrary: it was a subject of displeasure; but not the cause of the separation that took place.

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THE GOSSIPER, No. VIII.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP;

AN ALLEGORY.

The isle of Paphos, surrounded with dangers, does, notwithstanding, present an enchanting appearance; all the rocks are concealed by the water; nothing is perceived but a deceitful amphitheatre, covered with trees, which seem ready to break down beneath the weight of the finest fruits; but these perfidious fruits, like those which grow among the Lotophagi, cause a dangerous infatuation, and destroy the remembrance of virtue, one's country, and glory. A sea, always strongly agitated, encompasses Paphos: there have the sirens fixed their abode; amid the frightful roaring of the irritated waves, no sound is heard, or attracts the notice, but their seducing songs! Some unfortunate beings are seen to wander upon the banks who wish to go from these tempestuous shores; so pale are their faces, so gloomy is their melancholy, they might be taken for unhappy spirits who could not leap over the river of Cocytus: they have lost the illusion which enchanted them; but, without energy, or courage, they yield to the thraldom of habit, whilst they sigh in vain; a senseless crowd cover the shore; they run, and disperse, inconsiderately; blindly delivering themselves up to a deceitful hope. A pure day has never shined upon this isle, whose burning atmosphere is ever charged with clouds; sometimes the inhabitants are enveloped in thick darkness; sometimes rapid lightnings, suddenly flashing from the obscurity, confusedly discover unexpected and terrible objects! but, in every season, devouring fires, fugitive and deceitful meteors, which shine and consume without giving light, take place of the beneficent stars of night and day.

Not far from the bank, the temple of Venus is raised; not that celestial Venus whom the Parrhasians adore; the divinity of Paphos is she who exposed herself unveiled upon Mount Ida; and who, in this state, renouncing modesty, and parted from the Graces, could no longer trust the exclusive power of her charms; for she thought she must win her judge by promising him the handsomest woman in the universe; but obtained the reward of beauty; she did not gain him. Such is the goddess who reigns in Paphos. A crowd of adorers come from all parts of the world to bring offerings to this temple; the altars of Love are there covered with flowers and delicious perfumes; the Sports and Smiles decorate them with garlands; the Muses themselves come there to celebrate Love: they no longer sing for glory; their immortal lyres have no longer that victorious power which exalts the soul; their softened harmony delights the senses, enervates the heart, and no longer inspires that divine enthusiasm which renders us capable of undertaking and executing the greatest actions. But this same temple, which presents at once so many delightful objects, is but too often the theatre of the most tragic scenes! How many unfortunate victims of vengeance and black jealousy were immolated upon these altars crowned with roses! How many times did the threatening furies, armed with bloody poniards, and funeral torches, put to flight, under these porticos, the Graces, bathed in tears, and the Loves, in mourning! Nevertheless, in the midst of so much peril, fatal illusions, and deceitful pleasures, some privileged beings have found happiness in this dangerous empire.

In the most solitary part of the isle of Paphos, at the bottom of a forest of willows and firs, upon the banks of a pure and tranquil stream, is found an antique edifice, the sacred asylum of a goddess, but so little known to mortals, that it cannot be called a temple. Here Friendship has chosen her retreat, far from cities, and the turmoils of courts, far from the ambitious and the idolators of fortune! Since the flight of Astræa, incense no longer smokes upon the altars of the goddess, and her worship is abandoned! Yet, from an extended distance, she still receives a sincere and pure homage,

which is sufficient. Alone, with holy fidelity, beneath silent vaults, the goddess, an enemy to tumult and ostentation, is pleased with this solitude: she cherishes rural quiet: upon her neglected altars, stript of offerings, freely grow both moss and ivy; but time respects them; they are imperishable. This affecting inscription is placed upon them—"Far and near, Winter and Summer, Life and Death, Fortune and Adversity."

Love sometimes goes into this sacred asylum: before he enters, he quits his frontlet, killing bow, and quiver, his wings are all he retains; and of these he can never get rid; but he has no longer the gaiety, the innocence, and ingenuousness of infancy. Soft Friendship received him without distrust: she recognised him not; or at least she wished only to behold in him a beautiful infant! The god, fatigued with the agitations of his court, the revolutions of his empire, and even of his conquests, rests voluptuously upon the bosom of Friendship; and becomes at once more calm and sensible; there he abjures stratagem, artifice, and contumelious suspicion; he receives from Friendship every generous virtue; he gives her in return a charm she could not have without him, which renders her more delicate, and more lasting. Therefore when Love, in a fortunate whim, wishes to ensure the felicity of two mortals, he takes Friendship with him; the goddess precedes and guides him; Love, invisible, follows her step by step; they travel over the earth, and their journey is noiseless; for Love has no longer his usual retinue of Madness, tumultuous Sports, and cruel Jealousy; he is accompanied by amiable Modesty, Prudence, Delicacy, and indefinable Sympathy, always mysterious and veiled: she it is who, without being perceived, attracts by an unknown charm, holds by hidden bonds, like her, and who, without instructing us, inspiring us more certainly than reason itself could direct us, determines for ever the choice of our heart. If, during their fortunate union, Love and Friendship meet two virtuous and sensible beings, they unite them by a chain equally solid and light, the weight of which is never felt, and that we always become proud of carrying; for, far from

leaving the marks of a despicable slavery, it honours those who retain it; these respectable bonds are confounded with the most revered attributes of virtue. Nevertheless, in time fickle Love flew away; but not with a rapid and precipitate flight; he fled slowly, with so much gentleness, and with such delicate attention, that his departure and absence were scarcely perceived: as he gradually receded, faithful Friendship, becoming more attentive and more tender, took his seducing features, grace, and language; she fills his place even to the tomb!

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PATRIOTISM.

The attachment which a man has for his native soil is so strongly rooted in the mind, that it requires a very great exertion of the faculties to divest himself of the prejudice, that no place is superior, or even equal to his own.

The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked savage, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks the gods, for all the good they gave:
Nor less the patriots boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

The savages of Canada, who remonstrated with Europeans for depriving them of their territory, were actuated by this sacred enthusiasm; and no one, who has a regard for his country, but must be struck with the words they addressed to their invaders—"We were born," said they, "upon this spot; our fathers are buried here; shall we then say to the ashes of our progenitors, Rise up, and go with us into a strange land?"

THE INFLUENCE OF FEMALES.

(*Continued from page* 307.)

I SHALL now proceed to the second and last division of my lecture, namely, "How and in what manner that influence may be rendered subservient to the general prosperity of the civilized world." From what I have already advanced, it must, of course, be evident that I attribute all the greatly good, or greatly evil, actions of man to the sole influence of female charms, and female acquirements, acting upon their hearts and imaginations with that irresistible strength wisely allotted to them by nature.

Such being my opinion, it ought not to appear very surprising that I, at least, should endeavour, agreeably to my own ideas, to point out some plan by which the influence, thus spoken of, may be so directed as to promote almost universal good qualities and happiness.

Admitting, therefore, that the influence ascribed by me to the female sex, over the minds and actions of men, is grounded upon fact, I shall proceed to explain how that influence may always be made exceedingly beneficial.

The point of perfection thus proposed to be made in the female character, may, in my opinion, be easily obtained by a very strict attention to the early habits, and careful education of female children; which necessary attention, I am truly sorry to avow, is decisively never paid to them in the present age, otherwise we should not behold the columns of our daily papers entirely filled up with an investigation of their depravity.

The routine now pursued, as far as it relates to female children, is most erroneous, and, in almost every part of it, defective; from the anxious pursuit of which, no real honour to themselves, or beneficial consequencés to others, can ever possibly result.

I shall now make a brief statement of what I imagine,

if properly impressed upon the female mind, during the ductile years of infancy, by parents and guardians, would redound to their honour, and to the absolute happiness of nearly the whole of the human species; and, destitute of which, misery, discord, and ill-will, must inevitably creep into the world, because the intimate association of the male and female sex cannot be avoided. They must, for the preservation of the world, the domestic management of our families, and the enlargement of our friendly intercourse and rational enjoyments, become our wives, mothers, sisters, and friends, wherefore their influence and example must, of course, extend to nearly all within their immediate sphere.

Females should, from the first dawning of their reason, be strictly taught to love, honour, and venerate the holy dictates expressed, in respect to the human race, by religion. This serious and solemn duty, when once firmly impressed upon their minds, must, from the imperishable foundation on which every circumstance, as far as respects their happy progress through life, be erected. Destitute of a due sense of religion, and negligent of its duties, females must become destructive to men, and miserable to themselves; for unless they are instructed duly to revere religious sentiments, we cannot reasonably expect them to exert their influence in the promotion of morality, in the cause of humanity, or in the earnest advancement of the daily decreasing power of virtue. No, we might with an equal probability of ultimate success, hope to wash the native of Ethiopia white. The female who scorns the power of religion, must consequently, to support her theory; thus we shall see such a woman, neglect her church, for the theatre—despise her duties, as a wife and a mother, for the idle toils of fashionable dissipation; and, finally, it is not unusual for her to wind up the whole by sacrificing her virtue to the turbulence of her passions. Religion, I therefore repeat, is of the most vital consequence to females, inasmuch as it teaches them how to execute the particular duties appropriated more distinctly to them; and a woman, who is possessed of a due sense of its vast importance, will generally enjoy true happiness herself, and by

the combination of its powers, with that natural influence possessed by her sex, through the medium of mild unassuming persuasions of reason, joined to the tender endearments of genuine affection, will rarely fail to influence her husband, or her lover, to become a convert to her own opinions; and consequently, make him an anxious and active agent in the general promotion of that true, that indescribable happiness, which can only be the result of properly discharging every moral duty.

This serious point, must be followed up by the strenuous recommendation of modest delicacy, from its being, in my opinion, of the greatest importance, next to religion, and from the wonderful increase of influence which it bestows upon female persuasions, and female charms. A too strict attention to the impression of this amiable qualification upon the minds of young females cannot be paid. Its power is more fascinating over the hearts of men, than that of any other quality whatsoever; destitute of it, the most brilliant charms of person, and the highest mental attainments will not command the respect or love of man; whilst on the contrary, a female possessed of this necessary part of her character, will never cease to please, and influence her male friends, even though her personal charms are of a secondary nature, and her mental acquirements not above mediocrity. This is a truth so evident in the daily intercourse of society, that I feel confident no one present will dispute its truth. Such, therefore, being the power of modest delicacy, I should imagine that its growth cannot be too earnestly encouraged, were it merely for the general promotion of domestic enjoyments, and, by the proper attention being paid to it, I doubt not but the most beneficial consequences would result to civilized society, insomuch as the exquisite charms it bestows upon females, would greatly increase their influence over the minds of the male sex, and from its being certainly a natural virtue, improved by a careful cultivation, it can only be exerted in the promotion of virtuous designs, and the advancement of morality and true happiness. It is of the utmost consequence to females in every station of

of life, as without it they cannot be perfect. It gives them a perpetual power of irresistible force over the minds of men, and more especially over the heart of that individual to whom they have surrendered their charms, and who, if they were destitute of that, would be soon satiated by possession, and disgusted with vulgar coarseness.

The attraction possessed by a modest and delicate female is certainly surprising: we view her with admiration, every word she utters seems to penetrate the heart, her motion, nay, her very looks, binds the chain of absolute power round the mind of man, which is ever ready to be enslaved by such a female. In short, she appears to be adorned with more than mortal grace, and, as such, to demand more than mortal attention. On the contrary, when we are in company with a female destitute of modest delicacy, let her charms be ever so great, her genius ever so extensive, still the heart cannot dwell with pleasure upon it; it feels a vacuum which can only be filled up by the influence of a delicate and a modest woman; which, like the orb of light, sheds its splendour around to the gratification and admiration of all its beholders.

Having so decisively given my own opinion on the absolute necessity of modest delicacy to render female influence over the minds of men universal in the civilized world, it becomes a painful task for me to remark its sweet attractive charms are neglected, and that we rarely meet with a female so elevated in the present age. From the circles of ever-varying fashion, it appears to be totally banished, as well as amongst the lower order of people; indeed, I have generally observed, that when I have had the superlative felicity to meet with a woman possessed of it in its full extent, she has moved in the middling ranks of life, "*unnoticed and unknown!*" It is the pride, nay, the glory and happiness of my heart, to say, that I am acquainted with one or two such females; in the rational enjoyment of whose society, a man, possessed of the common feelings of his nature, may have all the enjoyments of an earthly Paradise. At least, as far as respects myself, I can only say, that, to promote their wishes,

their happiness, and their comforts, I would, were I possessed of fortune, fully sacrifice it, nay, even my life to secure them. Such is their gigantic influence over my mind. A mind fully sensible how to appreciate their virtues, and their power, to avow that just appreciation with the most open candour, and to advocate their cause, even were it in the face of the assembled world.

My language and my sentiments may, perhaps, appear to many now present, to be enthusiastic, and the warm feelings of a transient moment; but I can solemnly protest them to be the result of the most mature deliberation, and the most ample convictions, being perfectly assured that every possible enjoyment, every possible misery, may be easily deduced from the influence of some fascinating and beloved woman.

(To be continued.)

FEMALE BENEVOLENCE.

While we travel over this transitory stage of existence, the object of our pursuit is happiness. Man is to-day captivated with the dazzling phantom, and to-morrow it eludes his search, Glory, riches, and beauty, employ thousands of our species; to attain which, they forego the pleasures of social life, are harrassed with anxiety, distressed by care, and teazed by disappointment. The wants of mankind lie within a narrow compass; it is luxury, under the fictitious name of civilization, which distracts the happiness of humanity, and disturbs the peace of society. Instinct in man, while it points out to him the wants he labours under, prompts him, at the same time, to relieve the distresses of others. This sympathy of feeling, the ingenuousness of nature, the simplicity of uncivilized life, is, alas! too often a stranger to the affluent and the gay; while this amiable virtue is found in the uncultivated Indian, and the untutored savage. The instances of pure benevolence we are acquainted with in our own country, are undoubtedly many;

but seldom have they exceeded those so affectionately described by the celebrated traveller, Ledyard:—

"In wandering (says he) through the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and, to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence, their actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner (without the most distant prospect of the smallest return), that, if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and, if hungry, I eat the coarsest meal, with a double relish."

Or by Edwards, in his account of Parker's late travels:—

"In travelling along the banks of the Niger, I was overtaken with a storm of thunder and rain, which drove me to seek shelter under a tree. As night approached, a poor negro woman, returning from the labours of the field, observed that I was wet, weary, and dejected; and, taking up my saddle and bridle, told me to follow her. She led me to her cottage, where she regaled me with an excellent supper of fish, and gave corn to my horse; after which she spread a mat on the floor for my night's repose.—Having done these kind offices, she called in the female part of the family, who spun cotton for the greater part of the night, and relieved their labour by songs. One of them, which was sung in a sweet plaintive air, must have been composed extempore, as the literal translation of the words is as follows:—'The winds roared, and the rain fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came, and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn.' Chorus—'Let us pity the white man; he has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn."

WIFE AND NO WIFE;

A ROMANCE.

(*Continued from page* 313, *Vol. III.*)

PHILIPPA, overjoyed at my unlooked for acquiescence, hastily packed up her wardrobe and jewels, which were secretly conveyed on board; she escaped from her father's house when the family retired to rest, and, before she could be missed the next morning, the vessel was under weigh. The sickness of Philippa was so terribly severe as to occasion her great alarm; never having experienced a sensation of the kind before, she imagined herself to be dying, and would not suffer me from her sight a moment. Among the passengers, was a Roman catholic priest, well known and respected in England, his name was O'Leary; though a strict member of his own church, he was a man of liberal sentiments, cultivated understanding, and benevolent heart. Philippa entreated to see him in her cabin, a summons which he readily obeyed, for he was the pious comforter of the afflicted in body or mind. She imparted all her woes to his attentive ear, and besought his advice as to the propriety of urging me to fulfil my promise; now that my so doing would not be likely to injure my future prospects. "I am sure I shall not live to reach England," said the weeping girl; "and to be made his in the sight of God, would be the only consolation I am capable of receiving."—"You deceive yourself, my dear child," said the good father, in his usual mild and impressive accents; "such a measure would neither benefit you here nor hereafter, it would injure him you love; for this temporary illness, you will soon get the better of, but it will not screen your sin from the eyes of the Almighty, though it may secure your better reception in this world. Unhappy girl, if you do indeed wish to make your peace with your

Heavenly Father, you must remember your duty to your earthly one; seek to deprecate his just resentment, for the curses of a parent fall heavy on the wicked, and wicked it is to bring shame and sorrow on the authors of our being. I mean not to probe the wounds of your heart too deeply, child; I wish not to speak condemnation to you, but I warn you, as the delegate of Him, whose searching eye no fault escapes, yet whose boundless mercy pardons many, that the absolution I am permitted to give in His name cannot be extended to you but upon two conditions."—"Name them, father," feebly articulated Philippa. "They are these," replied O'Leary—"that you separate from your companion in guilt, who is moreover a heretic, and that you sue for your father's forgiveness."—"But if I should not obtain it, what is to become of me?"—"We will decide upon that at some future time," returned O'Leary; "in the interim I will, if you please, secure an asylum for you—humble, indeed, I own, but one in which your wounded spirit will find peace and consolation." Philippa grasped the good man's hand, she was unable to articulate, through extreme weakness and emotion, but she bowed her head in token of submission, and O'Leary, leaving her to take some repose, sought me, and repeated what had passed. His kind proposal relieved me from a terrible anxiety, and he seemed pleased to find me so ready to give her up to his pious care.—"I have," said father O'Leary, "a near relation who resides at Falmouth, her husband is the master of a trading vessel, and in his absence she would be glad of society; she is a good woman, and one who has been educated in a respectable manner; with her your fair friend will find a safe and eligible asylum, for the present at least. I will write to Don Miguel; and intercede for his misguided repentant daughter; as he is a bigotted Roman catholic, my persuasions may have due weight with him; at any rate, I trust, I shall have the power to avert that vengeance which I tremble to think of, but which you seem not to anticipate." In fact it had never occurred to me before, that Don Miguel, or his son, might, in the first transports of their fury, follow us to England,

and I warmly thanked the good man for his timely interference, and agreed that the arrangements he proposed were most judicious. I accordingly left Philippa at Falmouth, our parting was distressing on both sides, and occasioned in me that dejection which you so frequently remarked. I remained in a state of the greatest anxiety for several weeks, the thought that I was deceiving you and my inestimable benefactor, the situation of the unfortunate Philippa, preyed on my spirits, and took from me the power of determining how to act. Your father added to the poignancy of my sufferings by frequently adverting to an event, which, under other circumstances, must have occasioned me felicity in the extreme; but how could I presume to hope that the pure Rosalie would bestow her hand upon a wretch like me, when made acquainted with the particulars I dreaded to reveal; ah no! too well I know her amiable delicacy of sentiment, and that feeling disposition which sensitively shrinks from the bare idea of inflicting pain even upon an erring fellow creature. In this persuasion, Rosalie, I hope, quitted you perhaps for ever. I have visited Philippa, her case is pitiable in the extreme. Don Miguel, in answer to Father O'Leary's address, sent a letter filled with bitter invectives against his offending daughter, but, in extenuation of his implacability, adds, "Though I will never consent to see her again, or consider her as my child, should there be any living testimony of her shame, send it to me as soon as possible; I do not confound the innocent with the guilty; I will protect it, and provide for it; but if this is refused, if that child is reared in heresy and sin, like its detested father, my vengeance shall pursue both him and his offspring to the remotest corner of the earth."——This terrible denunciation entirely overpowered Philippa; and, from the receipt of it till the present moment, she has been in a lamentable state of mental derangement; for, alas! she is likely to become a mother. Tell me then, Rosalie, how am I to act: distracted, bewildered, to you, and to your excellent father, I look for consolation and advice: I know, I feel, that his judgement will condemn while his heart pleads for me; and you, Rosalie, oh! do not increase

the tortures of self-remorse, by adding to the misery of being rejected by you, that of knowing that you utterly despise the unhappy

GEORGE DARLINGTON.

When Mr. Stephenson recovered from the first shock this communication occasioned him, he deemed it proper to make his daughter acquainted with the whole of it, and leave the rest to her decision, well convinced that she would not sacrifice propriety to sentiment even on this trying occasion. Though the struggle was avowedly painful, the event was such as Mr. Stephenson anticipated, and, in the course of a week, with his daughter's concurrence, he dispatched the following letter to Darlington.

Dear George,

Deeply as I lament the error into which the ungovernable passions of youth has led one, from whom, nevertheless, I expected better things, I will not add to the reproaches which your own heart must make you, by reflections which would be now unavailing. The favour and protection I once promised you shall not be withdrawn, and as you value my future esteem, let no false pride or mistaken notion of degradation prevent you from resuming your station here. Thus much for myself. I am now authorised to say a few words from Rosalie; I will not pretend to assert that your defalcation has occasioned her no pain; I allow that she is shocked and afflicted in the highest degree, and I fear it will take a considerable time to restore her to her wonted serenity. She bids me tell you, that she cannot bring herself to despise one she has once considered worthy of her regard, but that her notions of rectitude oblige her steadily to decline all future communication with you, as she considers your engagement with Philippa as sacred as if you were actually married. This being the case, I cannot press you to reside under the same roof with us again; but this will not affect your attention to business, as there is little probability of your meeting at such hours as your atten-

dance is required here; and further, to render this chance still more precarious, I intend to remove to a house, which I have in contemplation, at some distance, leaving it at your option to occupy this, where the business will still be carried on. I have now been as explicit with you as the nature of the case required, and remain your sincere friend,

WALTER STEPHENSON.

Darlington was both pained and pleased by this convincing proof of the old man's disinterested regard and Rosalie's sincere but delicate attachment. One only event could affect a change in her prudent determination, and under existing circumstances such an event might be anticipated without incurring the charge of want of feeling or selfishness. Yet, deplorable as was the state of Philippa, it was one in which she might remain many years, and in that interval Rosalie would perhaps be lost to him for ever. Every attention was paid to the fair sufferer by the worthy woman with whom she lodged, and the kind-hearted father O'Leary, to whose assiduous care Darlington unhesitatingly consigned her, and then proceeded to pay a short visit to his mother, who received him with the most lively demonstrations of joy. For her sake and that of her young family, George could not decline the kind proposal of Mr. Stephenson, and, unwilling to afflict her by a recital of past occurrences, he suffered her to remain in ignorance of a circumstance so humiliating and distressing to himself. During this visit, he made a discovery, at which he knew not whether to be rejoiced or pleased; this was no other than that his friend Melcombe had professed a warm attachment for his sister Mary, which, although it did not altogether receive the sanction of Sir Hubert, had not occasioned him to shew any great degree of displeasure; and Mary, encouraged by the persuasions of her lover, ventured timidly to hope that he would at length consent to their union. Miss Melcombe had distinguished her by her friendship, and had exerted herself to procure for the young Susan Darlington, a genteel and advantageous situation. Melcombe was at that time absent from the Hall, so that George had no opportu-

nity of consulting him on a subject of so much importance to his sister's interest; but as he understood that he was much hurt by the apparent inattention of Darlington, he determined to write to him as soon as he returned to town.

(To be continued.)

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, LATE KING OF SWEDEN,

HAPPENING at a public review to have some dispute with Colonel Seaton, an officer in his service, gave him a blow, which the latter resented so highly, that when the field business was over, he repaired to the king's apartment, and demanded his discharge, which his majesty signed, and the colonel withdrew; not a word being said on the subject by either party. Gustavus, however, having coolly considered the matter, and being informed that Seaton intended to set out the next morning for Denmark, he followed him, attended by an officer and two or three grooms. When his majesty came to the Danish frontiers, he left all his attendants, except one, and overtaking Seaton on a large plain, he rode up to him, saying, "Dismount, sir; that you have been injured, I acknowledge; I am, therefore, now come to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman; for, being now out of my own dominions, Gustavus and you are equal. We have both, I see, pistols and swords: alight immediately, and the affair shall be decided." Seaton, recovering from his surprise, dismounted, as the king had already done, and falling on his knees, said, "Sire, you have more than given me satisfaction, in condescending to make me your equal: God forbid that my sword should do any mischief to so brave and gracious a prince. Permit me to return to Stockholm; and allow me the honour to live and die in your service." The king raised him from the ground, embraced him, and they returned in the most amicable manner to Stockholm, to the astonishment of the whole court.

LITERARY HOURS, No. XVII.

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ. HOR.

Oh! when with books of sages deep,
Sequester'd ease and gentle sleep,
In sweet oblivion, blissful balm,
The busy cares of life becalm. DR. DUNKIN.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

(Concluded from page 323, Vol. III.)

But hail! ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide,
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony and peace and innocence abide.

BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

In our own language we have several lyric compositions of considerable merit. *Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia* is much superior to many in Pindar. Indeed the pomp and richness of the expression, the harmony of the numbers, and the sublimity of some of the flights, are almost unparalleled. This single ode would have immortalized the name of Dryden, had he been the author of nothing besides. The inferiority of Pope's ode on the same subject is too well known to need any proof. It was certainly very presumptuous in that poet to attempt it after so exquisite a one as Dryden had composed before him.

Gray's odes are deservedly admired, that on *The Progress of Poesy* contains some very fine lines, breathing the true spirit of poetry. The conclusion of the first part of the third stanza is very expressive:

> "Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
> This can unlock the gates of joy;
> *Of horror that, and thrilling fears,*
> *Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.*"

It has been observed, that an impetuous enthusiasm was the characteristic of Pindar, and of lyric compositions in general. There is not perhaps any ode that comes so near to this excellency as that of Dryden. Nevertheless Gray's ode above-mentioned can boast of great beauties, though of a different kind.

> "Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
> *Bright-eyed fancy hovering o'er,*
> *Scatters from her pictur'd urn*
> *Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.*
> But ah! 'tis heard no more.——
> Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
> Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
> *Nor the pride nor ample pinion*
> *That the Theban eagle bear,*
> *Sailing with supreme dominion*
> *Thro' the azure deep of air:*
> Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
> Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
> With orient lines, unborrow'd of the sun:
> *Yet shall he mount, and keep his steady way,*
> *Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,*
> *Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.*"

The idea of bright-eyed Fancy scattering thoughts and words from her pictured urn, is extremely happy, and as a ppily expressed. The other passages distinguished by ta lics are also very beautiful.

Mason's lyric pieces are well known. If they do not rise to that noble enthusiasm which we so much admire in Dryden, they never fail to please. That on the fate of tyranny is the

best; and, if an opinion may be ventured, that on independency the worst; though there are some passages in it that are very poetic.

Wharton's ode to Fancy possesses great merit; it is certainly a fine piece of poetic enthusiasm, and expressive imagery. The following lines are highly to be commended:

> "'Tis Fancy in her fiery car,
> Transports me to the thickest war,
> There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
> Where tumult and destruction reign;
> Where mad with pain the wounded steed,
> Tramples the dying and the dead:
> Where giant Terror stalks around,
> With sullen joy surveys the ground,
> And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field
> Shakes his dreadful gorgon shield!"

The transition to the following invocation of Fancy to guide him to his Laura, is very happy:

> "The pangs of absence, O! remove,
> For thou canst place me near my love,
> Canst fold in visionary bliss,
> And let me think I steal a kiss."

The odes of *Collins* are sublime, particularly that on the Passions, but they are frequently obscure.

The *Elegant Extracts in Verse*, and *Dodsley's Miscellanies*, the reader is referred to for the most esteemed lyric compositions in the language.

ECCLESIASTICAL SQUABBLE.

A VICAR and Curate of a village, where there was to be a burial, were at variance. The Vicar not coming in time, the Curate began the service, and was reading the words—"I am the resurrection," when the Vicar arrived, almost out of breath, and snatching the book out of the Curate's hands, with great scorn, cried—"*You* the resurrection! *I* am the resurrection," and then went on.

THE TOMB OF AMESTRIS;

A PERSIAN TALE.

THE HISTORY OF ANEPHIS, SURNAMED THE HAPPY.

(Continued from page 320, Vol. III.)

ANEPHIS, at the request of Darius, thus resumed his narrative:—

I continued my adventures, sire, to the moment when, walking upon the banks of the Persian gulf, the earth opened beneath my feet, and I was suddenly precipitated to the bottom of an abyss. I was panic-struck, and fell into it senseless. My surprise was great, on recovering the use of my senses, to find myself in a splendid cavern, embellished with the rich stores of the vasty deep: it was decked with glittering shells, and forty pearl lamps, suspended from the ceiling by long pearl-chains, diffused a soft and brilliant light. I had long known that there existed families of magi, descended from the first disciples of the divine Zoroaster, who, instructed in the supernatural art of magic, could at will effect the most surprising events. I doubted not that I was in the subterraneous palace of a magus, and, in reality, this immense cavern belonged to the celebrated Morgeline. When I was a little recovered from my astonishment, I entered a few paces into the cave, and perceived a superb bed, ornamented with amber and coral, and covered with a large veil of silver gauze. I approached, and saw that a female laid beneath the veil; at the same instant, a melodious voice pronounced these words: Stranger, whoever you are, you can liberate me; I have been a long time detained here by a cruel enchantment, which it is in your power to destroy.—What must I do? interrupted I, seduced by the sweetness of this charming voice; I will devote my life to your service, and am ready to undertake whatever you desire.—Were I compelled to expose your life, I would not implore your aid; nothing but compassion and perseverance will be required on your part to deliver

me. If I can detain you one year near my person in this cave, the enchantment will be destroyed; but be contented with hearing me; do not lift the veil which hides me; for I shall not appear to you in my true form, which cannot be resumed till the moment of my deliverance.—Is your aspect frightful then? asked I, with some emotion.—No; the cruel Morgeline, in depriving me of my beauty, has left me a person no way odd or deformed, but has given me the features and shape of an ugly and disagreeable young woman; what worse could she do? Ah! do not look at me, my appearance would do more than fright you, it would disgust you.—No, no, cried I, this veil teazes me; I will see you, since you are not a monster; she must appear lovely who expresses herself in so interesting a manner, and the sound of whose voice so deeply affects my heart. In saying these words, I raised the veil, and saw a person which, without being hideous, was so much the more disgusting as it united the coarsest features and the vilest shape to the air of youth and robust health. I should rather have preferred seeing her with a Medusa's head and griffin's feet. I should have recognised the effects of a sad enchantment; but this gross figure, with rebounding cheeks of a purple hue, and the most stupid, and, at the same time, the most risible physiognomy, far from exciting compassion, could only create disgust. She had a golden lyre by her side, which was tied to a white satin bed by chains of large pearls. I remained stupefied, without speaking, till the unknown took her lyre, and began to play upon it in so divine a manner, that I closed my eyes, lest her appearance should deprive me of hearing her with all the admiration due to so sublime a talent. She sung a pathetic air, and my tears began to flow, but unfortunately, in a moment of enthusiasm, I fell on my knees, and cast my eyes upon her. I found her villanous countenance quite as stupid and as laughing as before;—my tears were instantly checked, and my feelings again frozen; yet I wished to break the pearl bonds by which she was held enchained, but in vain; these chains were stronger and more solid than if they had been of iron. The unknown again covered herself with her veil, and heaved a deep sigh. In the

name of heaven, said she, try to forget this wretched figure, or at least remember that it is not mine. Deign to hear my story; perhaps that will interest you. At these words I sat down by the side of her bed, and she thus addressed me:—

I am queen of the Isle of Flowers; I am called Roselis, daughter of a magus, but of the second order; my power is limited, and very inferior to that of the perfidious Morgeline. Alas! till the epoch of my misfortune, I believed that wit and imagination were equal to power. I was happy; nature had given me a person as agreeable as that which you see is repulsive; I possessed a delightful isle, where the severity of winter is never felt; I was loved by my subjects, and could supply the deficiency of my art as a magician, by my presence of mind, and the inexhaustible resources of my imagination. Morgeline, a daughter of a most powerful magus, received from her father the empire of the Persian gulf, and a formidable talisman, which gives her a sovereign authority over the elements and all nature; but to her the science is only an inheritance, and not a property acquired by study and natural talents; therefore very often she does not use it to her advantage, but employs the greatest means to accomplish the least purposes wastes her power uselessly, and never applies it ingeniously. She disliked me, because many magi preferred my isle to her cavern. She gave us a *fête*, to exhibit herself to us in all her splendour; collected together, in her subterraneous palace, all the treasures of the Persian gulf, and torrents of water, forming falls, cascades, and spouting fountains; and led us through long galleries, filled with large pearl chests, containing coral-trees as high as oaks. A magus, whom Morgeline had a particular desire to please, whispered me—I prefer the roses of the Isle of Flowers to all these insipid wonders. Morgeline overheard him, and, from this moment, swore an implacable hatred to me. All were tired of her entertainment. I gave one in my turn, and Morgeline could not excuse herself from being present. I was not queen of a famous gulf, but I possessed a little rivulet, which this occasion rendered famous among the magi. In landing on my isle (which is called by geographers *The Perfumed Isle*, be-

cause it exhales, and extends around, and far upon the sea, a most delightful fragrance), the spectator beholds, beneath an alley of rose-trees, a brook of transparent water, rolling over physical agates and golden sand; which bathes a turf strewed with lilies, violets, and hyacinths, that never fade: the roses of my isle preserve an eternal freshness; when gathered, they offer to the sight the charms of spring; at the end of autumn, their petals strew the earth; if you tread upon them, they lose not their slight forms and vivid colours; in a few days, a soft zephyr carries them away, and disperses them in the air; the morning dew retains their perfume a long time; while all the rose-trees are covered with buds; which soon blow, and produce new flowers. I placed a young shepherd, crowned with myrtle, upon the borders of my brook: he held a harp; and sung, while accompanying himself, the following words:—

SONG.

I love to behold the bright stream,
That, grac'd with each delicate flow'r,
Soft whispers the soul to some fanciful dream
As it glides round this beautiful bow'r:
It wanders awhile from the grot,
And playfully gurgles farewell,
But hurries soon back to revisit a spot
Where virtue and innocence dwell.

How wise and how happy are they
That ne'er from thy borders have stray'd,
Nor listen'd a sound that more grief could convey
Than the murmur thy waters have made!
For here all the moments of life
Are pure as the waves on thy breast,
And as free as thy surface from tumult and strife,
When the evening has hush'd thee to rest.

Every one applauded this song, except Morgeline, who conceived it to be an epigram against her Persian gulf. I conducted the company of magi to my palace, which represents

an immense large basket of flowers. The banquet-table formed a circle round an orange-tree, loaded with flowers and fruits, whose height equalled that of the cedars of Lebanon: at the top of this orange-tree, I had placed a large moss-bed, full of pretty children, representing the loves, who, letting down open-worked ivory paniers, suspended by garlands of flowers, in this manner offered us the finest fruits of every season: one sung, another prattled, and a third amused himself; Morgeline alone was discontented, and out of humour.

From this time, Morgeline declared herself my enemy; she told me in an ironical tone, that my flowers wanted water; and that she would take this charge upon herself. I conceived that she was preparing to inundate them. I employed all my art in promptly giving a slight declivity to the ground of my isle, the extent of which is immense; and, at the extremity of this declivity, I formed an enormous precipice; the length, or prolonged aperture of which, was more than fifty stadiums. Scarcely had I finished this magic labour, when I perceived in the air, carried upon the clouds, a legion of evil spirits, with prodigious water-spouts, much larger than the towers of a citadel, which they discharged upon my isle; but these torrents of water immediately ran into my precipice; in an instant, my isle was embellished with a superb lake; and a move of my wand dried and revived my flowers. I called this new lake The Lake of Morgeline. I placed upon its banks an alabaster pillar, and engraved upon it this inscription in letters formed by rubies:

INSCRIPTION.

To taste the fierce joy that revenge can bestow,
  And exult in the frowns of her ire,
Poor Morgeline thinks 'tis enough but to show
  What feelings her bosom inspire.

But this beautiful lake, where her malice is seen,
  Should prove to her sorrow and shame,
How weak and how futile the efforts of spleen,
  When wit does not brighten their aim.

This mockery greatly incensed Morgeline; but a council of magi forbade any new undertaking against my isle; so that, unless I left my domains, I had nothing more to fear from her. I remained tranquil a long time; at length, believing that Morgeline's enmity was at an end, I left my isle. One day, as I was traversing a forest, I suddenly saw through the leaves, hovering o'er my head, the dreadful Morgeline, mounted upon a monstrous bat. Proud Roselis, said she to me, thou shalt not escape me; I will change all the trees of this forest into soldiers; they shall surround, and transport you into my cavern: saying these words, she struck the trees with her wand; as she had announced, the wonder was effected; and Morgeline was lost in the clouds, and disappeared. But I was able to profit from this warning; 'tis true I had not power to transform my person, I could only burlesque it; that is to say, disguise it. At the same instant, I found myself dressed like a soldier, in a uniform, like that of the new soldiers created by the art of Morgeline; armed in the same manner; and, confounded with this multitude, I began to run, and shout as they did—Let us look for Roselis!—Let us look for Roselis! We wandered thus the rest of the day; at night, the corps being fatigued, halted; it stopt in a plain, where all the men slept. Then, favoured by the shades of evening, I made my escape, and marched all night: at break of day, overcome with fatigue, I stopt upon a mountain, and rested there some hours; when I heard the noise occasioned by the corps which was pursuing me; and I knew by my art that Morgeline had placed herself at the head of her men; my disguise, or rather burlesque dress, became useless; since Morgeline knew my countenance. Nevertheless, my courage did not fail me; I quickly descended the mountain, and found myself in a hollow road, filled on both sides with caverns, formed by a chain of rocks. I had no hope of escaping from my enemy by hiding myself in one of these caverns, because Morgeline had a great many more soldiers than would be wanted to visit them all at once; but, knowing the narrow mind of Morgeline, I devised an expedient which succeeded. I entered that cavern which had the smallest aperture; and

scarcely large enough to admit me; when I was in the cave, I spread a cobweb over the entrance, which covered, and stopt it entirely. A moment after, Morgeline, followed by her soldiers, marched down the deep road, and ordered them to examine the caverns; some men advancing towards the one in which I was, she stopt them; and I had the pleasure to hear her say—Blockheads, do you not see this cobweb? and consequently that no one has entered this spot. After a fruitless search, Morgeline and her corps pursued their rout, and hastily went away; I regained the mountain, and found one of my friends there, who, informed of my danger, had run to my assistance; he took me in his chariot, and conducted me back in triumph to my isle.

Morgeline, subdued, resolved to dissemble: she pretended to wish to be reconciled to me; and, unfortunately, my heart is easily deceived; for it is incapable of suspecting treachery. I was sincerely reconciled; and my confidence was so great, that I accepted an invitation from Morgeline, and went into her cavern. There, without distrust, delivered to her resentment, I discovered, but too late, that generosity and greatness of soul make no impression upon wicked people; and when exercised without due discretion, are only marks of imprudence. The perfidious Morgeline, insulting my credulity, applauded herself for so shameful a deception as a trait of genius. She deprived me of my beauty, and enchained me to this bed, declaring that I should remain there, till a stranger, feeling for my situation, under this odious appearance, should take sufficient interest in my fate to remain near me, without quitting me an instant, one whole year, with full liberty to go out of the palace; she added that I should not want visitors, because all the travellers who, in passing the shores of the Persian gulf, should touch a certain stone, would be immediately dragged to this grot. You are so intellectual, continued she ironically, that you will have no difficulty in detaining near you the first traveller who shall fall into this place; who cannot want beauty, when there is besides so much fascination. Such is my sad state, continued Roselis; may I hope, generous stranger, that you are still inclined to deliver me? Do

not doubt it, cried I; I engage in your service with transport. You must know, resumed Roselis, that the nymphs of this grotto will come twice a day to bring you refreshments, and that they will employ all their charms to entice you away.—Are they then pretty?—Doubtless, nymphs are always so. Amiable Roselis, when they are here, take your lyre, or speak to me, and I shall not hear them.—Remember well, that if you wish to be my liberator, it is not necessary that you should love me; but you must leave me only to go and sleep some hours every night in a neighbouring grotto.—I will not quit you; I will deliver you in spite of Morgeline and all her nymphs.

(To be continued.)

A JEW'S MARRIAGE TO A CHRISTIAN.

SEVERAL years ago, the son of a rich Jew was on the point of being married to a Christian; on which the father, who had not so much objection to the religion of the lady as to the smallness of her fortune, expostulated with the young man, and told him that he might have a person with more money. The son, however, was firm in his resolution, and replied, that, whether his father consented or not, he would marry the object of his affections; and, if he refused to give him a proper share of his fortune, he would himself turn Christian, whereby he should claim the benefit of an old English statute, and obtain half of what he possessed. Upon this the old man was greatly confounded, and soon after went to consult legal advice, and to enquire whether there was any such law in existence. The counsellor replied, there certainly was; and that his son, upon turning Christian, would have a right to half his fortune; "but," added he, "if you will give me ten guineas, I will put you in a way to disappoint him; and the graceless rogue shall not be able to obtain a farthing." At this the old man's hopes revived, and putting ten guineas into the lawyer's hand, expressed an impatience to know how he was to proceed, when the counsellor replied with a smile, "You have nothing to do, sir, but to turn Christian yourself."

RETALIATION;

OR, THE TWO NEIGHBOURS.

(Concluded from page 330, Vol. III.)

SCENE V.

CHARLES *and* VICTOR.

Charles, (bursting out into laughter.) I hope we have chosen good confidents.

Victor. We shall find none who can keep a secret better.

Charles. I believe it; thus then behold our two beauties, who, suddenly falling from the rank of divinities, now present us with a singular contrast; thy baroness by descending to the counter;——

Victor. Thy countess to the shop; but I must remain here till to-morrow; I will see my conquest; yes, so certain am I, that she is incomparable; and that our intended brides will yield the palm to these unknown ladies.

Charles. Poor souls! I think of them with pleasure. I see them both grieving——

Victor. With wishes and tears, to hasten our return;——

Charles. While we, laughing at their idle fears, at the masquerade———What an indignity!

Victor. True. Let us drink to their healths. *(They enter the apartment.)*

SCENE VI.

CHARLES *and* VICTOR *in the apartment*; CLARISSA, JULIA, *and* JEANNETTE, *entering unobserved.*

Jeannette, (carrying the two dominos, and pointing to the apartment in which are Victor and Charles). There, in this apartment. Now I will quickly run, and carry your dominos to the citess; but how absurd it is in these old mamas to wish to disguise themselves in this manner. *(She enters Madam Dumoulin's room.)*

SCENE VII.

CHARLES *and* VICTOR *in the apartment;* JULIA *and* CLARISSA.

Charles. Come, Victor, no melancholy. To the amiable Clarissa!

Victor. To the tender Julia!

Clarissa (*in a low voice, to Julia*). What do I hear? Their thoughts occupied about us even at table!

Julia (*in the same tone*). This affectionate remembrance disarms me of all anger.

Victor. Hymen should take the lead; now let us empty another glass to Love.

Clarissa, (*in a low voice*). Ah! the traitors!

Charles. I drink to the two conquering faces, whose enchanting features we shall soon behold.

Julia. Yes; you shall see them; but I do hereby certify to you, gentlemen, that it shall cost you dear.

Clarissa, (*in a low voice*). To our parts. (*Aloud*). At length we are returned. What a beautiful city is Paris!

Julia. How sweet are its pleasures!

Charles. Women's voices!

Victor, (*listening*). Peace!

Charles, (*transported with joy*). I'll bet that these are they.

Julia. What a charming plot!

Clarissa. What a fine journey!

Julia. Both to come to Paris *incognito!*——

Clarissa. To ramble about together almost in secret.——

Julia. Not to miss a ball, a concert, or a play.——

Clarissa. Each hour, in every place, to taste unalloyed, the varying and ever reviving pleasures of this magic sojourns; where every thing delights the senses;——

Julia. It is a voluptuousness that captivates and intoxicates my soul.

Clarissa. Never did I know the value of existence till I came to Paris.

Victor, (*in the greatest astonishment*). These are the voices of Julia and Clarissa!

Charles. Oh! yes; what chance has——

Victor, (*listening*). Hold your tongue!

Charles It would be strange!

Clarissa Say then, Charles and Victor,——

Charles and Victor. Heaven! they little suspect the unexpected journey we have just made.

Victor. It must be them; they named us.

Julia. If they were informed of it, they would be incensed against us.

Victor. But why this journey? In honour, we must suppose it a dream.

Charles. No; I am much provoked at it.

Victor. From not being able to appear, what a situation are we in! (*A moment's pause.*)

Clarissa, (*laughing*). They have done speaking.

Julia, (*aloud.*) How much are we indebted to the care of those two amiable guides, who, in the vortex of these quickly succeeding pleasures, have directed our steps!

Victor. How! two cavaliers!

Clarissa. They promised to be here first.

Julia. Oh! this delay does not give me a moment's uneasiness.

SCENE VIII.

The preceding, JEANNETTE.

Jeannette. Ladies, do you want any thing?

Clarissa. Yes, Jeannette, four *converts.* If two officers should enquire for us——

Jeannette. I will conduct them to you.

Julia and Clarissa, (*entering the apartment on their left*). Yes.

(*Jeannette exit, shewing them by her looks and manner that she understands them.*)

SCENE IX.

The preceding, except JEANNETTE.

Charles, (*wishing to leave the closet*). This is too much; I can support it no longer.

Victor, (*detaining him*). Stop. Shall we not soon have a prompt revenge! They are coming.

Charles, (*vexed*). Who?

Victor. By my faith, our dominos, who cannot come more apropos. Let us pique our unfaithful ladies in our turn.

Charles. Yes; but in the interim their gentlemen will arrive.

Victor. Our belles will also arrive; besides, we shall be here, and can appear when we please.

SCENE. X.

The preceding. *Madam* DUMOULIN *and Madam* MAIGRET, *in Clarissa and Julia's dominos and masks.*

Madam Maigret, (*whispering Mad. Dumoulin*). At ten o'clock they expect their ladies in these two dominos; and will take us for them.

Madam Dumoulin. Our jealous gentlemen, who are already at our heels, will soon be convinced of their error, and shall atone for the wrongs they have done us.

Julia, (*looking behind the curtain*). Our hostess and her cousin are here.

Clarissa. Good!

Mad. Maigret, (*perceiving Dumoulin and Maigret, who enter clandestinely*). Our two jealous husbands!

Mad. Dumoulin. A great deal of love and infidelity.

SCENE XI.

CHARLES *and* VICTOR, *leaving the apartment on the right*; CLARISSA *and* JULIA, *in the apartment on the left*; *Madam* DUMOULIN *and Madam* MAIGRET, *masked, and between the two apartments*; DUMOULIN *and* MAIGRET, *each concealed behind one of the two apartments.*

Victor, (*leaving the apartment*). What happiness, my friend! they are here. (*He goes near Madam Dumoulin*).

Charles, (*rushing towards Madam Maigret*). Happy moment!

Mad. Maigret. You see we are true to our engagement.

Charles. We see that love never satisfied the wishes of his votaries more promptly; but, as you are now under no restraint, you may unveil your charms.

Victor. According to your promise.

Mad. Dumoulin. At ten o'clock.

Victor. Well!

Mad. Dumoulin. It has not yet struck.

Charles. True; but it is near the hour.

Victor. Listen with kindness to our entreaties.

Mad. Dumoulin. Not so loud; for my husband, whom a pressing affair was to have detained from home till evening, has been secretly warned of our interview, and is returned.

Victor. O! unfortunate!

Charles. And your's?

Mad. Maigret. Oh! so great is my husband's confidence, that, were he to surprise me here, he would believe that his eyes and ears deceived him.

Charles. Then I may fearlessly, and without reserve, give way to my passion.

(*He kisses the hand of Mad. Maigret; whose husband attempts to come forward, but is held by Dumoulin.*)

Victor. And I also to prove to you the ecstacy of my feelings.

(*He kisses the hand of Mad. Dumoulin, whose husband attempts to come forward, but is held by Maigret.*)

Mad. Dumoulin. (*to Victor*). Alas! why do not our husbands resemble you?

Victor. They are then——

Mad. Maigret. Old.

Mad. Domoulin. Peevish.

Mad. Maigret. Slovenly.

Mad. Domoulin. Unmannerly.

Mad. Maigret. Covetous.

Mad. Domoulin. Jealous.

Charles. Such an alliance is disproportioned, revolting to nature, and demands retribution.

Domoulin and Maigret, (*coming forward, and snatching the*

masks from their wives' faces.). Retribution! yes; and we will have it.

Victor. Just God!

Maigret. At length the mask falls.

Charles, (*rather alarmed*). They are then both married.

At the instant that the husbands are snatching the masks from their wives' faces, Clarissa and Julia, who had left their apartment unobserved, reach the middle of the stage, and advance between Charles and Victor.

Dumoulin, (*to his wife*). You did not think we were so near.

Maigret. Perjured women!

(*The clock strikes Ten.*)

Clarissa, (*to Victor and Charles*). At ten o'clock to-morrow you shall see our faces! Gentlemen, do you remember this kind adieu from the rose domino?

Julia. And from the blue domino?

Victor. What do I hear?

Julia. The clock strikes, and we keep our promise.

Mad. Dumoulin. There; now do you think our conjecture frivolous!

Charles. I know not where I am!

Julia. Know you the sensible Maigret?

Clarissa. The amiable Dumoulin?

Victor and Charles (*astonished*). Was it you?

Clarissa. Yes, gentlemen.

Maigret. What a singular affair!

Victor (*aside*). We are caught in the snare. (*Aloud.*) But, ladies, what could bring *you* to Paris?

Julia, (*giving Charles the letter she had received*). Us! These words, written by a dear friend—In describing a geographical route, will any one pretend to say, that it is possible to go from Brussells to Francfort without passing through Paris?——

Clarissa. Perhaps she was wrong.

Dumoulin. Be that as it may; but, this meeting——

Mad. Dumoulin. Was only an artifice.

Mad. Maigret. To punish your foolish injustice.

Dumoulin. You are not guilty.

Mad. Dumoulin. Alas! no;——and yet——it is very lucky for you that I love you so well.

Dumoulin, (to Clarissa and Julia). Ladies, by what right have you dared to take the names of our wives?

Maigret. Yes; by what right, ladies?

Mad. Dumoulin. It is a dreadful conspiracy.

Clarissa, (to Mad. Dumoulin). And one that you deserved.

Mad. Maigret. How?

Clarissa. Recollect the remarks that you have more than once made upon two women whose age and inexperience was an excuse for the little levity they may have betrayed.

Mad. Dumoulin. Ladies, these remarks were founded upon fact.

Julia. Ah! if so, what criminal act have we committed?

Mad. Dumoulin. Oh! none; the sudden conquest of these two gentlemen, their familiarity, and prompt visit, will sufficiently free you from all suspicion of blame.

Clarissa. Madam, these gentlemen are to be—our husbands.

Mad. Maigret. A fine acquisition indeed!

Maigret, (to his wife). Peace! I am just come to an understanding with you; and you are going——

Dumoulin, (aside). This ball will not soon be erased from my memory.

Julia, (to Charles). Well! have you read the letter, sir?

Charles. It is the journal, Victor, of some one who has followed us in every direction.

Victor. Let us merit our forgiveness by a prompt repentance.

(They throw themselves at the feet of Clarissa and Julia.)

SCENE XII. AND LAST.

The preceding, JEANNETTE, *who enters with a look of reserve.*

Jeannette, (to Clarissa and Julia). There are two officers, who enquire for you.

Clarissa. Our officers, Jeannette! They are at our feet.

Jeannette, (surprised). Ah!

Charles. You will pardon us——

Julia. Yes; but the condition of our marriage is, that you take no more journeys.

Clarissa. Remember, above all things, that we never overlook insults; and that those who offend us are sure to meet with—Retaliation!

END.

THE PRICE OF A JEST.

THAT pleasant and industrious writer, Dr. Fuller, was greatly admired for his agreeable conversation; but he had a fault which is too common with persons who abound in wit—he would rather lose his friend than a jest. Having written some verses upon a scolding wife, Dr. Cosins, master of Queen's college, Cambridge, his friend and patron, one day desired to have a copy of them; to whom Fuller imprudently replied—"It is needless to give you the copy, for you have the original." This jest, though it happened to be a truth, gave such offence, that the doctor instantly withdrew his patronage, and was ever after Fuller's enemy.

Very different was the behaviour of Sir William Dawes, archbishop of York. Not long after the death of his lady, his grace happened, at one of his public dinners, to make some observations on the loss he had sustained in his Mary; saying, that she was *mare pacificum.* A curate, who knew her character well enough, could not help smiling at this, and whispering to his neighbour, said, "Aye, but she was *mare mortuum* first." The archbishop overheard the remark; but, instead of resenting it, he presented the curate a little while after to a valuable benefice, and was his good friend so long as he lived.

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE.

BY H. FINN.

(Continued from page 258, Vol. III).

My expectations were of too sanguine a complexion, too replete with elation, to suffer the intrusion of alloying doubts during my employment, and consequently its completion was accelerated. I ceased to reflect, in the moment of exertion, upon the inefficiency of all my efforts, until its conclusion manifested its uselessness. I still seemed fixed within the centre of uncertainty; still was I doomed to feel the fatal truth, that my sight alone was suffered to explore the expanded surface of the waters, unbroken by a breath. The languor-like placidity of my soul—your deep and deadly trance, together with the sudden fall of my high-soaring hopes, gave a darker hue to despondency, and I blamed my folly that had discovered so futile a cause for self-gratulation. Of what avail, thought I, are the implements I have miraculously acquired, and rendered of utility to further my preservation, if I am unaided by the propelling power of the breeze? Why has Providence beguiled me with the prospect of a pleasing futurity, and placed a barrier before it that condemns me a prisoner to the present? Wherefore am I permitted to behold the reprieve, and feel the awful preparation for my execution?——Oh! man! ungrateful, discontented man! you ask a quick translation from penury to prosperity—from pain to its cessation—yet that one wish indulged, proves a creator of the insatiate many which swells accumulations' catalogue. Then prosperity is slighted for desired affluence. The simple relief from pain is construed a negative pleasure, and is succeeded by the countless wishes that wait the varied wants of an indulging sensualist. How seldom is our erring nature to be trusted? Adversity had taught me humbleness. Religion had endowed me with a just sense of her divine right; yet presumption had forgotten both, and I endeavoured to atone for the impatient imaginings of ingratitude by an offering of my repentant thoughts to heaven on my knee. I arose; and my faith was without a fear. The evening dews were falling fast; I

took down my sail, and placed it over your form as a shelter. With pleasure I beheld the horizon exhibit a less serene appearance, and anxiously watched for the coming wind that I might replace my sail; but the sea remained unruffled, and the disappointment now came with a force diminished to weakness. I began to experience also that irresistible propensity to sleep which follows fatigue. I therefore fastened one of my weights to the end of a line, the opposite extremity to my wrist, and placed it in such a position, that any violent motion of our boat might rouse me. Some hours had elapsed since my release from the alarms imparted by consciousness, when I was awakened to behold the causes of them renewed: however, my spirits had freshened in the hour of sleep, and I looked upon the surrounding dangers with firmness, derived from intellectual and physical energy. The winds and waves were rising to a fearful magnitude; the moon was in the west, but the dull circle of a foul atmosphere surrounded her. I immediately set my sail, and divesting myself of part of my apparel, applied it as a substitute for your late covering. By the dimn'd rays of the moon, I could just ascertain the position of the needle; and in compliance with the advice of my unknown benefactor, kept our course eastward. Twice had I encountered the tempest's dread extreme, and twice the hand of Heaven had lifted me from death, yet now the cheering supposition of escape was materially lessened. An atom floating on the world of waters, my frail support might in a moment be destroyed between the clash of contending billows, or hurled among the cowering clouds. My remaining apprehensions however were appeased by the wind continuing to blow steadily, though freshly, and our boat glided over the deep with secure celerity. My chief alarms were now exclusively attracted to your pitiable situation, for the heavy pulsation of your wrist indicated its discontinuance. The threatening aspect of the atmosphere soon disappeared, and I beheld the third morning of my precarious voyage appear in the resplendance of an eastern clime. No incident occurred throughout the day to repress my happy anticipations. The sun was fervid, but the breeze renovating, and the counteracting influence of hope had eradicated every diseased trace of despair.

The moon had climbed high in the heavens, when I descried a distant shadow. I would not allow that my judgment could err, and, with eager ecstacy, I hailed the sight of a friendly island, enlarging with my approach. The sweet certainty soon gladdened every avenue to feeling. Fancy, the flattering artist of anticipation, had already pictured my future destiny in all the rainbow's varied beauties, peopled the fairy island with beneficent beings, whom I beheld proffering the hand of hospitality, and opening the door of friendship.

As I shaped my course towards the shore, I distinguished the semicircular form of a commodious bay. In some parts, the shore consisted of light and level sand, ascending imperceptibly to the island; in others, it exhibited the projection of steep declevities, that jutted out into the bay, and were crowned by trees, the broad foliage of which was dipped in the sportive waters. Judging it most expedient to land at one of the latter points, as affording a more ready access to the island's interior, I directed our boat towards a situation that, rising no higher than the top of it, and sufficiently deep to float her, I could with ease step from her to the bank; the margin of which nurtured the roots of many a stately palm, that formed a light-excluding canopy with their ample leaves. Mooring our little vessel to the trunk of a tree, I waded through the long grass that covered the bank, hoping to discover an outlet from the forest, and obtain a partial survey of the island: but scarcely had I adopted the resolution to reach the extremity of the wood, when the fatal probability of being separated for ever from you, instantaneously stopped my progress. Wandering over unknown tracts, with no beacon to direct my footsteps back, it was evident that few hopes would remain of regaining the boat. With reluctance, therefore, I retraced my steps, and was compelled again to make our boat my place of rest till morning. In comparative security I laid down, and divested of those harrassing fears that banished sleep from my eyes. While encircled by dangers, I reposed in tranquillity, until the warm beams of an ascending sun awoke me to behold the scenery of the strange, but beautiful island that broke upon my delighted view.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Biographical Anecdotes of the House of Saxony, and a Memoir of the Life of his Serene Highness Leopold George Christian Frederic, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. *London, Ackerman.* *Price 7s. 6d. bds.* 1816.

This little work will satisfy every rational enquiry concerning the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, now become an object of greater interest from his marriage to the Heir Apparent of the throne of England:—it gives a succinct account of our Saxon forefathers, interspersed with amusing anecdotes and memoirs of the reigning family of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld; is embellished with a portrait of the Prince, from a good likeness; and three portraits of three of his most distinguished ancestors, Frederic III. or the Wise; John Frederic the Magnanimous; and John Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg; which are highly curious as memorials of the costume of the early part of the sixteenth century; and form together a pleasing volume.

The author traces the descent of the ancient House of Saxony from Dedo, count of Wettin, invested with the dignity of Margrave of Meissen in 1048; shews the succession of the princes of its different branches; and argues the probability of the present princes of Saxony deriving their origin from Wittekind, surnamed the Great, in the fifth century, distinguished by his long and obstinate contest with Charlemagne, and whose descendants possessed the castles of Zorbig and Wettin. Be this as it may, the Prince is of a noble family, and his marriage to the Princess Charlotte is eligible on many accounts; he is brother-in-law to the Grand Duke Constantine, eldest brother of the Emperor Alexander, who married his sister, Juliana Henrietta Ulrica, by the name of Anna Feodorowna, and will, it is to be hoped, strengthen our alliance and interest with the court of Russia.

We glean the following interesting particulars of this family for the information of our readers:

Prince Leopold George Christian Frederic, was born Dec. 16th, 1790, and married March 2d, 1816, to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales. He is the youngest son of Francis Frederic Anthony, by Augusta Carolina Sophia, daughter of Count Henry XXIV. Reuss of Ebersdorf. His brothers and sisters are— Ernest Anthony Charles Lewis, the reigning Duke, who succeeded his father, Dec. 3, 1806; Ferdinand George Augustus; Sophia Frederica Carolina Louisa, married in 1804, to Count Mensdorf, a colonel in the Austrian service; Antoinetta Ernestina Amelia, married in 1798, to Charles Alexander Frederic, brother to the king of Wirtemberg, a general in the Russian service, and governor of Livonia, Esthonia, and Courland; Juliana Henrietta Ulrica, before mentioned; and Maria Louisa Victoria, married in 1803, to Prince Emich Charles, of Leiningen, by whom she has been left a widow.

In 1808, Prince Leopold accompanied the Emperor of Russia and his brother-in-law to the interview which Napoleon had appointed at Erfurt. In 1813, he went to Poland to the Emperor of Russia; and was the first Prince of the then existing confederation of the Rhine, who openly declared against France; he entered into the Russian service; was engaged on the 2d May at the battle of Lutzen; was afterwards sent to the support of the Prussian General Kleist; returned to Lusatia; on the 19th, marched to the support of General Barclay; and was recalled to assist on the 20th and 21st, in the battle of Bautzen. On these occasions, he greatly distinguished himself, as commander of cavalry, in covering the different retreats, and repulsing the enemy, by his intrepidity and coolness. During the armistice the Prince retired to Prague.

At Konigstein, Pirna, Peterswalde, on a plain near Great Cotta, at the village of Prisen, Prince Leopold highly distinguished himself, and received on the field of battle the cross of commander of the military order of St. George, on the 30th August, and was afterwards presented with the Austrian mili-

tary order of Maria Theresa, and six or eight honourable distinctions from different sovereigns.

He was present at the battle of Leipzig, on the 16th October, 1813; with Field Marshal Blucher, on the 30th January, 1814; and took an active and principal part in most of the engagements which took place from this time to the 31st March, as commander of the combined cavalry, and entered Paris with the reserve corps, and there remained in garrison. He accompanied the sovereigns to England, and continued here about a month after they had left. The Congress, as an acknowledgement of their services, granted a considerable indemnity to the House of Coburg for the sacrifices they had made.

Upon Bonaparte's return to France, he joined the grand allied army on the Rhine, which soon afterwards reached Paris; and then went to Berlin; where an invitation from the Prince Regent intimated to him the high destiny to which he was called.

He has an excellent understanding, a benevolent heart, and a cultivated mind; a knowledge of men, and a sufficient experience of the vicissitudes of life to render him humble in prosperity.

Previously to the treaty of Congress, signed at Vienna in 1815, the possessions of the House of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld comprised 17½ German square miles, with a population, according to the census taken in 1812, of 57,266 souls. They contain eight towns and 270 villages and hamlets. The revenues of the prince amounted, in 1806, to 425,413 florins, or near 50,000*l.* sterling. The inhabitants, as well as the reigning family, belong to the Lutheran church, and are chiefly employed in trade and manufactures. The above-mentioned treaty secures to the Duke of Coburg-Saalfeld an additional territory of such extent as to comprise 20,000 inhabitants, so that his dominions and resources will be increased by about one-third. These data are extracted from *Storch's Staats und Adress Handbuch.* Weimar, 1813.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR JUNE, 1816.

The present inactive state of affairs affords but little to record; the people now have little to employ their attention but their own distresses; and the want of occupation leaves them but too much time to contemplate the miseries brought upon them by the late destructive war; the consequence has been, that the poor in several counties have most unwittingly added to their distress, by a wasteful destruction of the very articles they stand so much in need of. These riots, in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge, have been suppressed by the vigilance of the magistrates, and a Special Commission has been appointed, and opened, for trying the offenders. In the mean time, our legislators have been usefully employed in making retrenchments, and passing bills that may alleviate the public distress. At a moment like the present, the measures of Parliament deserve the most serious attention: it has been seen how much the expression of public feeling and opinion can effect, when properly directed; and, instead of rioting, let the people coolly deliberate upon their wrongs, and the best means of redressing them; and then call upon their rulers for relief from the grievances with which they have been so long oppressed, and which have been so heedlessly, and unnecessarily brought upon them. The object of the Alien Bill, which did not pass the House without considerable opposition, is to prevent foreigners, who took an active part in the French revolution, or who may be deemed dangerous to the state, from taking refuge in this country. What our rulers have to fear, we know not; but it is very evident from this measure, that they are not without their fears. Do they suspect these men of encouraging the disaffected, and the spirit of riot and tumult, that have appeared in different counties?

A Bill for the Registration of Slaves in the British West

India Islands, is now in progress through the House of Commons, which is to prevent the clandestine importation of slaves into the British colonies; now most extensively carried on by persons interested in the late inhuman traffic, and who have for some time found means to elude the act for the abolition of this trade.

A Bill is in progress for the purchase of the Elgin marbles.

The Princess Charlotte has been confined to her chamber at Camelford House for several days with a very bad cold and some fever; Dr. Baillie attended her Royal Highness, and deemed it necessary to take blood from her, but has had no apprehension of the least danger; and she is better.

The last Paris papers contained an account that Didier, the leader of the conspiracy in the Isere, was condemned at Grenoble on the 7th, and executed on the 10th; and that nothing had since occurred to disturb the public tranquillity.

Lieut. Mieton has been condemned to die; and General Bonnaire sentenced to transportation. Mieton was unanimously found guilty of ordering the murder of Col. Gordon, who was the bearer of a flag of truce, and shot without the form of trial; and Bonnaire was found guilty of not having prevented the murder; and violating the laws of nations in offering an insult to a flag of truce.

Splendid preparations have been made for the celebration of the marriage of the Duke of Berry with the Princess Caroline of Naples. The ceremony was to be performed at Notre Dame, on the 17th inst. by five Dukes, selected from the old Noblesse; but the fêtes and rejoicings were not to begin till the 19th. The four witnesses to the marriage appointed by the King, are Marshal Duke of Belluno, for the army; Count Barthelimi, for the Chamber of Peers; M. Bellart, for the Chamber of Deputies; and M. Deseze, for the Court of Cassation. The Duke of Wellington, and several other superior officers, are to be present. Tents are erected in the Champs Elysées for distributing meat and wine to the poorer classes on this occasion. During these preparations, above one hundred suspected persons have been apprehended; twenty-eight for a plot to assassinate the Royal Family.

Notwithstanding the treaty, said to be made by Lord Exmouth, official accounts have been received, that, on the 16th last month, an English brig, loading at Oran, was seized by the Moors, and the captain and crew, with the English Vice-Consul, sent prisoners to Algiers; and, on the 18th, two Gibraltar vessels arrived at or near Oran, and shared the same fate. In Paris, there has been a meeting on the subject, and it is hoped that these outrages will not pass unnoticed in this country.

The Russian Tariff developes a great spirit of commercial jealousy. Bonaparte's Milan and Berlin decrees are found in a certain degree worthy of imitation; and the connexion between Russia and the Netherlands does not appear likely to be productive of good to the trade and commerce of this country.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

Oberon's Oath; or, the Paladin and the Princess.—This piece will live in the annals of dramatic history, as being the cause of the death of its author! a man whose life had been spent in the trammels of the Drama. We lament the fate of an Otway, a Chatterton, and a Savage! and the sympathizing heart, whilst dropping a tear over the memory of their departed shades, and similar unfortunate genius, must now let an additional one fall in the remembrance of the unhappy Benjamin Thomson! long known as the translator of the German theatre, and other dramatic productions. Being reduced to indigent circumstances, and having a family, he again resorted to his long lost pen. Elated with the most flattering confidence of this piece, from the opinions given by the performers, he attended the house with the fullest assurance of success; but was chagrined with the mortification of hearing the most violent disapprobation:

this threw him into a very desponding lethargy, but, in consequence of some alterations, on the following evening he had the gratification of witnessing quite the reverse of the preceding night: this sudden transition from grief to joy, was too much for his depressed spirits; the conflict between the two opposite passions, preyed so much upon his acute feelings, that he was taken ill, and expired in a few days. This is a new incident in the annals of unfortunate biography. The piece is taken from Sotheby's translation of Oberon; but we forbear any criticism on its merits, in respect to the shade of its unfortunate author.

Every Man in his Humour.—When Garrick first suggested the idea of reviving this inimitable comedy, he almost despaired of success, from the conviction that its wit was that of Jonson's own days, and was entirely extinct from the wit of the present; yet, we are told, that, by the success of his own Kitely, it became an established favourite. We are sorry we cannot say the same of Mr. Kean; but his appearance was not that of a merchant: parts of his jealous passion were delineated with much judgement, but the character on the whole was too feebly pourtrayed for—Mr. Kean.—The blustering braggart Bobadil was excellently personated by Mr. Harley.

Man his own Master.—This is a very pleasing little trifle, which cannot fail to please every palate. The main of the piece turns upon the vagaries of a footman, (Harley); who, assuming the character of his master, visits his tenants, and causes some whimsical incidents previous to the appearance of the real master. Mr. Harley performed with great spirit and vivacity; a very pretty song was sung with much sweetness by Miss Halford; and universal approbation crowned this charming little bagatelle. R.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Adelaide, or the Emigrants.—The managers of this house fancying that, as Ireland had favoured us with one excellent

tragedy, it might, peradventure, be able to supply us with another, seized on this; which must be a good one, because they were told, it had passed the ordeal of criticism in its native land; if so, Irish opinion of dramatic excellence is widely disonant to English. The plot is altogether improbable, the characters are improbable, and the language is altogether defective. The character of Adelaide, on the basis of which the whole fabric rests, is so distorted, so beyond the limits of nature, that even Miss O'Neill, with all her excellence, which was exerted to its utmost, could not induce the audience to favour it. It was announced for repetition, but was very judiciously withdrawn. Mr. Sneill, an Irish barrister, is its reputed author. In the Epilogue to Bertram an apt allusion was made to the disgraceful Madame Sacchi! In the epilogue to this, a pitiful throw off was made on the committee of the sister house, which received very merited disapprobation.

Mrs. Siddons' re-appearance.—We believe Mrs. Siddons is the first actress who ever violated her honour, to re-appear on the stage after having taken a final, solemn, farewell. We are surprised the audience can any way tolerate her performance, after such a transgression of all moral decorum: whether it is for the benefit of a brother, or at the request of royalty, neither can justify the innovation. Taking her performance in an impartial light, we certainly cannot even now discern any reason why she retired, for no one requisite seems impaired. Queen Katherine (for her brother's benefit), and Lady Macbeth (at the request of the royal pair), were both given in a style fully equal to what we ever saw before; the majesty of her deportment, the grandeur of her features, and the distinctness of her voice, still raise her far above all cotemporaries. By this we do not insinuate any thing derogatory to Miss O'Neill, for these characters are not in her cast; we should tremble to see her announced for Lady Macbeth. Still, with all this, it is a gross abuse to public feeling, and every time she appears another stain is added to her character. R.

DUNOIS

A ROMANCE. —— Translated by W.S.Esq.r from a

Composed with an accompaniment for the Harp

Andante.

f

cres:

It was Dunois the young and brave was bound for Pa-lestine, But first he made

still the soldiers pray'r, That I may prove the bravest Knight, and love...

pp

2

His oath of honor on the shrine, he grav'd it with his sword,
And follow'd to the holy land the banner of his Lord;
Where faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air——
"Be honor'd aye the bravest Knight, belov'd the fairest fair."

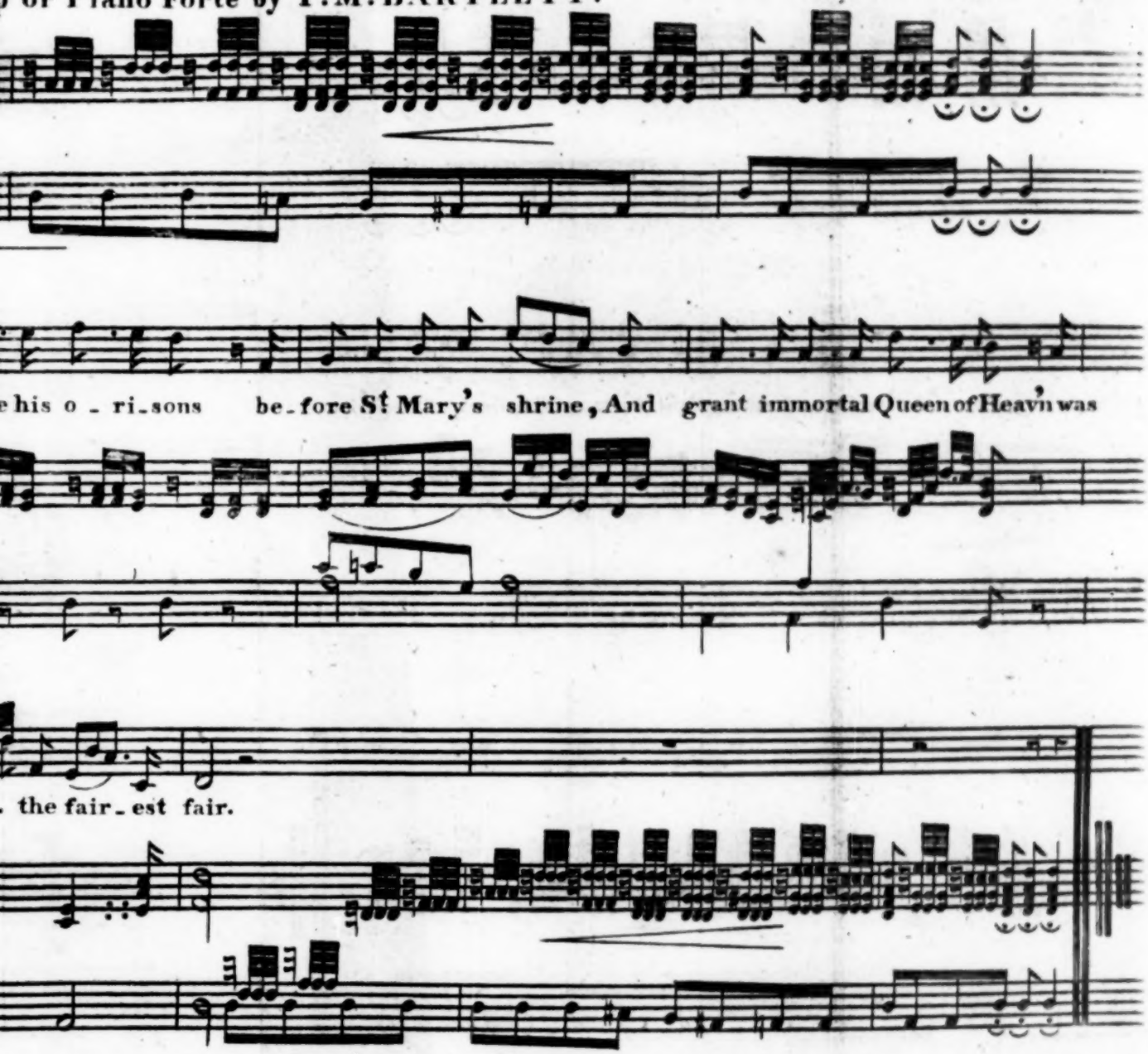
4

And then they bound the holy knot
That makes a Paradise on earth if h
And every Lord and Lady bright
Cried "honor'd be the bravest Kni

S!

a M.S. found on the field of WATERLOO.

o or Piano Forte by I. M. BARTLETT.



3

They owed the Conquest to his arm, and this his liege-lord said
"The heart that has for honor beat by bliss must be repaid ——
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair?"

t before St Mary's shrine
hearts and hands combine; ——
t that were in chapel there,
ight —— belov'd the fairest fair."

ENGLISH OPERA.

THIS elegant theatre opened on Saturday the 15th; and we congratulate both Mr. Arnold and the public on the establishment of an English opera compatible with the honour it deserves. The form of the house, in respect to the Muses, is that of a lyre; it is very lofty, but the circumference is small: the prevailing colour is lilac, exquisitely ornamented with gold, the relievos of the boxes, taken from the classics, are very judicious and tasteful: some mirrors placed upon the ceiling have a very fine effect. The orchestra is constructed on the plan of the Italian opera, with a sunk passage and sounding boards. The stage is very large; and the drop curtain, displaying Apollo with Tragedy and Comedy, is very fine. The saloon is even with the second tier of boxes. An address was admirably spoken by Miss Kelly, which commented, in a spirited style, on the opposition which they have experienced in opening, and concluded with an elaborate eulogium on music. The performances were *Up all Night* and *The Boarding House*. Of the performers we must not speak too pointedly, being nearly all new to the metropolis, until they have made themselves familiar with the house. Mr. Short, from Dublin, appears to possess a very scientific and pleasing voice; but his timidity was very perceptible. Mr. Broadhurst will find this house finely adapted to the exquisite plaintiveness of his notes. Mr. Bartley's Admiral Blunt was very humoursome, but the vocal parts were very deficient: Miss Kelly's Juliana is well known, and Mrs. Orger's Flora was pretty enough. The house was crowded, and the Duke of Sussex graced the dress circle.

A CONVERT.

A MISSIONARY in America, bragging how well he had instructed some Indians in religion, called up one of them, and, after some questions, asked him if he had not found great comfort last Sunday after receiving the sacrament. "Aye, massa," replied the savage, "but I wished it had been brandy."

GLEANINGS.

OF A YOUNG PREACHER.

A YOUNG clergyman, who but lately entered into orders in Scotland, wished to advise with a reputable farmer the cause of his congregation *soon falling asleep* after he began to preach. Says the itinerant preacher, "I am sure the sermons cannot displease them, for they are all my own making." "I suspected as much," replied the farmer, "but, if you will follow my advice, you will do with your sermons what I do with my corn, and you will no longer have a sleepy congregation." "Aye, what is that?" replied the preacher. "Only," says the farmer, "deprive them of their chaff."

SERVANTS.

SIR Gilbert Heathcote was very intimate with Sir Robert Walpole, and, one evening, being at the minister's house, he was asked, as usual, what he chose for supper; to which he answered—"Beef-steaks and oyster-sauce." After spending an agreeable hour or two in conversation, over a bottle, Sir Gilbert rose to take his leave; but, seeing the hall lined with servants, he turned round to Sir Robert, and asked him which of them he was to pay for his beef-steak?—Sir Robert took the hint, and ordered the servants instantly to withdraw.

MUSIC.

DR. MORELL, who was employed to select passages, and write for Handell's oratorios, once took the liberty of suggesting to him, in the most respectful manner, that the music which he had composed to some lines of his was quite contrary to the sense of the passage. Instead of taking this friendly observation as he ought to have done from one who, though not a first-rate poet, was at least a better judge of poetry than himself, the musician fell into a rage; and looking upon the advice as a reflection upon his talents, cried out with all the violence of affronted pride, "Vat! you teach me music; de music be goot music! D—n your vords! Here (thrumming his harpsichord) here be my ideas; now you go, and make vords to dem."

THE

MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JULY, 1816.

WALKING DRESS,

Of plain white India muslin, made short in the waist, and rather higher than usual in the bosom; the skirt richly set in with lace; vandyked at the bottom; beautifully worked and surmounted by a lilac satin tuck: the skirt is worn very short.—A spenser, of Coburg lilac colour, with a large cape, ornamented with heading, and silk cord trimming; the waist made short, and rather full in the back; the sleeve is at once novel, and extremely becoming, the front being so contrived as to produce a half sleeve in the form of a shell; which, being made without any seam on the shoulder, adds to the ease of the shape; the rest of the sleeve is worn very full and very long. —Leghorn bonnets, of the French form, trimmed with riband, and ornamented with a plume of feathers, are extremely prevalent.—Boots, gloves, &c. to correspond.

EVENING DRESS

Is composed of a frock of beautiful French gauze, worn over a white satin slip; the bottom of the frock is richly trimmed with a very deep flounce of Brussels lace, and ornamented with tucks of white satin, and a wreath of roses; the waist is short and low in the bosom; the sleeves composed of satin and gauze, ornamented with large bows of white satin riband, made very full, and to fall over the shoulder.—The hair is dressed low at the sides, and parted in front, so as to

display the forehead: it is worn with a beautiful aigrette of pearls in front, and a sprig of French roses placed nearly at the back of the head. Necklace of pearl.—White kid gloves, and satin slippers.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

FRENCH fashions are now very prevalent in town. The Morning Dress is of striped, or plain muslin, or cambric, tastefully finished by a body of embroidered cambric, formed of detached pieces, and making a beautiful temporary *corsage*, of the ingenuity and elegance of which, no idea can be given from a description alone.

Frocks of *tulle*, worn over white, or coloured satin, with a body of variegated satin, richly trimmed with patent net, or blond, are the most elegant evening dresses.

Caps, lined with pink, and decorated with a bouquet of roses and heartsease, are used for dinner visits: the *cornette*, with a crescent kind of hat, transparent, is the morning head-dress; and a cap of silver tissue and lama is the most tasteful for evening dress. Straw, chip, and Leghorn hats, with feathers and flowers, are in vogue.

The waists of dresses are made very short; the skirts longer. Colours blue, lilac, pink, and pearl.

A new-invented spenser for travelling costume, styled The Spenser *à la Duchesse de Berri*, is much approved: it is made of satin, pearl coloured, trimmed with a cordon of pink and white, with a pelerine cape, trimmed with crape, which ends in a sort of white crape scarf, brought across the breast. Variegated, or white satin spensers, or light blue sarsnet pelisses, decorated with satin and *tulle* trimmings, are also worn for travelling, or evening dress: the bonnet to these is of white patent net, ornamented with blue riband, and a plume of blue and white feathers.

Morning & Evening Costume for July 1816

Pub. July 1st 1816, by Dean & Munday, 35, Threadneedle Street.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

TO AGNES.

O! MUCH esteem'd Unknown! and didst thou deign
  T' accept the simple off'ring of my lyre?
And breathe again such pure and hallow'd strain,
  As but the Muse and virtue could inspire?
O how shall I, thus lowly, dare aspire,
  AGNES, to court thy gentle ear once more!
Unless some portion of thy genius fire
  My humbler muse; then to the Southern shore
The charmed breeze the off'ring might convey,—
Nor Ora blush to weave such far inferior lay.

Say, dost thou wander through some fragrant grove?
  Or list the murmur of some limpid stream,
As by its flow'ry, verdant banks you rove,
  When the fair star of ev'ning sheds her beam—
And all around as soft and calm doth seem
  As is, fair Minstrel, thy own virtuous mind,
Tuning thy lyre to some romantic theme,
  Or moral truth, or sentiment refin'd,
Or dedicating thy harmonious lays
To friendship warm, and pure—or "too, too generous praise?"

From roaring storms my fancy wings her way
  To meet on Southern shore the lovely Spring—
To find the spot where AGNES loves to stray,—
  And there to rest her weary shatter'd wing;
To listen to the sweetly warbling string
  Of thy soft lyre, with all a sister's love;—
To blunt the point of Sorrow's poison'd sting;—
  And talk together of the world above.—
'Tis vain!—the beauteous vision melts away,
As on the lake's still breast the last faint flush of day.

Thule, May, 1816. ORA.

SONNET.

TO THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

——Rara est adeo concordia formæ
Atque pudicitiæ. JUVENAL.

ILLUSTRIOUS Consort of a Prince rever'd!
Accomplish'd PRINCESS! deem it not as rude,
If—since a joy unanimous appear'd—
Your people would express their gratitude.

Truly susceptible—and truly prone
To firm affiance, when th' auspicious fates
Place you, in due accession, on the Throne,
For then Great Britain much anticipates.

Most favour'd PRINCESS! should high Heav'n ordain,
(Protracted life first granted to thy SIRE)
That YOU o'er British Loyalty should reign,
The Queen and Idol of our vast Empire;

May, as till then, thy days unclouded shine,
And ev'ry earthly happiness be thine!

A. PITTMAN.

THE CHOICE.

GIVE me the eye of heav'nly blue,
And you may take the orb of sloe,
I mean of soft cerulean hue—
The eye that weeps for others' woe!

For Love is seen in trembling dew
To shed his mild indulgent ray;
And Pity's self is known to woo
The smile—through its benignant sway.

HATT.

SONNETS.

Oh! I have been in Fancy's fairy bower,
And sweet enchantment there has held me long!
My wond'ring soul, as touch'd by magic power,
Hath heard the witch-notes of celestial song;
For oftimes, stooping from her native sphere,
Above the stars, some viewless spirit of light
With golden harp, that on my list'ning ear,
Murmur'd the tones of heaven, night by night
Hath visited my slumbers—'twas a sound
Sweet as the mystic strain, that when the moon
Looks from her azure throne, and all around
Sleeps in the lustre of her cloudless noon,
Doth sometimes steal along the trembling sea,
Whisp'ring the waves to rest with more than mortal melody.

Who that had wander'd to a bower like this,
And clos'd his eye beneath such sacred shade,
But well might dream of rapture and of bliss,
Visions of purest ecstacy, that play'd
Joyous about his heart!—perhaps too long,
Too madly I have nurs'd the dear deceit,
And cherish'd hopes beyond me—if 'twere wrong,
And I have dar'd too much, forgive me yet,
Nor break the magic spell;—for if at last,
'Tis only *Friendship's* cooler ray shall shine
When all of sweet uncertainty is past,
The stern reality be never mine!
But give me still, for truth's unwelcome beam,
Fancy's illusive sketch—the poet's fairy dream.

STANZAS.

I SIGH not for the charms of pow'r,
  Nor glitt'ring stores of wealth;
I sigh for peace in some lone bow'r,
  With competence and health.

I sigh to wander unconfin'd,
  Where noise shall never come,
Nor Envy's weak and narrow mind
  Disturb my humble home.

Yet think not, that by purling stream
  I'll muse my hours away,
Or waste, as in some useless dream,
  Life's transitory day.

Oh! rather let my active soul
  My active hands employ;
And teach my lips, where'er I stroll,
  To greet the poor with joy.

That so my thoughts may still ascend,
  And all-adoring rise,
To Him who lives, my God and Friend—
  My Saviour in the skies!

ORA.

THE ROSE.

How sweet is evening's scented rose,
In smiles and tears observe it blows,
Till fost'ring gales its bloom receives,
Like Hope in Fear, *short while it grieves.*
What varied tints of Nature's dye,
Salute the beam of Beauty's eye!
To grace the snow-drops of the fair,
Or bind in wreaths her flowing hair;
Diffusing round its od'rous breath,
That dies anon to live in death!

HATT.

TO MISS MARIANNE F——R.

Yes, I have seen thy winning smile,
Where all the loves and graces play,
And while I thought it would beguile,
It snatch'd my yielding heart away.

I saw the tear-drop in thine eye,
Compassion touch'd my feeling breast;
But pity soon was taught to fly—
A softer passion stood confest!

My willing soul was fill'd with love,
With joy I drank the poison'd bliss,
And now—ah! now, too late I prove
A secret sting in ev'ry kiss.

Yet for one look I'd undergo
A sad continued age of pain,
That look should banish all my woe,
And bid my heart revive again.

Depriv'd of ev'ry earthly joy,
And all that makes existence dear;
Debarr'd of each pageantry toy,
And e'en debarr'd the falling tear.

An out-cast on some foreign shore,
The rude blast bursting o'er my head,
While foaming billows round me roar,
And the damp sea weed is my bed.

Yet here forlorn, one glance of thine
Would fill my wounded soul with peace,
Thy heav'nly form, thy voice divine,
Would bid the blacken'd tempest cease.

Reclining on thy halcyon breast,
The long variety of woe,
Would only make me sweeter rest,
And make the moments sweeter flow.

Delusive bliss!—perhaps no more
My fainting heart thy form will see,
Yet, in its sacred inmost core,
Remembrance oft shall cling to thee.

In fancy still thy features trace,
  Thy look of sympathising love,
Soft pleasures dimpling in thy face,
  And eyes that sparkle as they move.

The long black tresses shading down
  Thy neck o'erlaid with purest snow,
And thy dear lips, like twin-buds blown,
  Where sweetest music used to flow.

O when can I forget those charms,
  This flutt'ring pulse shall cease to beat,
And fading in death's wither'd arms,
  Lose all its wonted native heat.

LORENZO.

RECOLLECTION.

OH! I have seen her mild eyes streaming,
With tend'rest love and pity beaming,
Kiss'd the soft tear that pac'd her cheek
All eloquent!—in sorrow meek!
Hung o'er her lips of pallid hue,
Of vi'let breathing fragrant dew,
Sunk at the call of Death's alarms
That tore me from her angel arms!—
And can I e'er forget the hour
I sever'd from the sweetest flow'r,
"To meet," she said, "in heav'n above?"
(Where I shall know my parted love!)
No! I will linger o'er her name,
Whilst mem'ry holds its secret reign
Within my wild distracted brain:
And when the moon's pale lamp on high
Shall light me where her relics lie—
There on her lonely virgin tomb,
Where cypress weeps in cheerless gloom,
I'll pay devotion to her shade:—
For Julia was the kindest maid
That ever blest a lover's sight,
Or ever grac'd the realms of light!

HATT.

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY SEEING A YOUNG LADY IN A DEEP DECLINE.

BY J. M. LACEY.

When I see youth and innocence sink to decay,
A sigh, sad and heavy, unbidden will rise;
For hard must the heart be that owns not grief's sway,
When in life's morning hour female excellence dies!

How affecting the thought, that so youthful a maid
Must lose ev'ry blossoming flow'r of delight,
That each prospect of pleasure so early should fade,
While health's rosy bud feels consumption's cold blight!

If her friends smile in joy, still a smile she can wear,
But its languor reveals all her weakness within;
'Tis a smile that awakens reflection and care,
'Tis a faint ray that beams ere the storm shall begin.

Oh! avert it, kind heav'n! if it be not too late!
Oh! save her—for heav'n's mighty arm still can save!
Bid health's sun-beam rise o'er the storm-clouds of fate;
Nor yet let her friends weep o'er beauty's sad grave!

SONG.

Now leafy trees—wave in the breeze,
And tuneful songsters thrill the grove,
O come awhile—with rosy smile,
With me to share the sweets of love.

Now Spring profuse—in golden hues,
To youthful hearts soft pleasure yields,
As forth along—these shades among
We lightly print the blooming fields.

The huntman's horn—salutes the morn,
The plough-boy whistles o'er the lea,
'Tis Nature's call—and gladness all,
And echo wakes to harmony.

Where sighing gales—perfume the vales,
And freshness scents the dewy air;
Let's haste away—while yet 'tis May,
And taste of bliss so passing fair.

HATT.

CHARADE,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. H—LL, OF NEWTON.

FAR sweeter to me than the scent of the rose,
When the zephyr of morn o'er its op'ning bud blows;
And lovelier far, than e'er vale-lily blew,
Empearl'd with the crystaline drops of the dew,
Is my first—and dearer than gems from Golconda's mine,
And purer than gold which the workmen refine;
And soothing—more soothing than harmony's strains,
From the harp of Apollo, on Admetus' plains;
And richer than Elwes, though fam'd for his store,
Who *wanting* my *first*, was certainly *poor*.
My second is destin'd to visit that clime
Where science first taught the refin'd and sublime;
It likewise has often been order'd to go
Where Learning and Science their forms never shew;
But where Ignorance rears her unletter'd head,
And Humanity's tear has never been shed!
My whole has assuag'd the woes of this breast,
When oppress'd with disease, and lull'd sorrow to rest.

FRIEND-SHIP.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE two parts of *Law and Licentiousness*, which are received, and The Monitress, we are sory to say, are unequal to the writer's former productions; and, were this the only objection, we have lately experienced so much inconvenience from beginning unfinished productions, that, in future, we must request to have the whole of the manuscript before we insert any part.

The *original* part of the manuscript received from W. F. S. may serve to amuse a private circle of friends, but has nothing to recommend it to public attention; the remainder he might have saved himself the trouble of selecting.

On the Attributes of Man, Stanzas on the Sun, Satire, and other favours, are received.

The Complaint is so ambiguous, that it would require a marginal note to explain the author's meaning.

We shall be obliged to the fair author of Wife and no Wife to send us the continuation as soon as possible.

Mr. R. our dramatic correspondent, will find a note for him at our publishers'.

Hopwood Junr. Sculpt.

Marchioness of Hertford

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